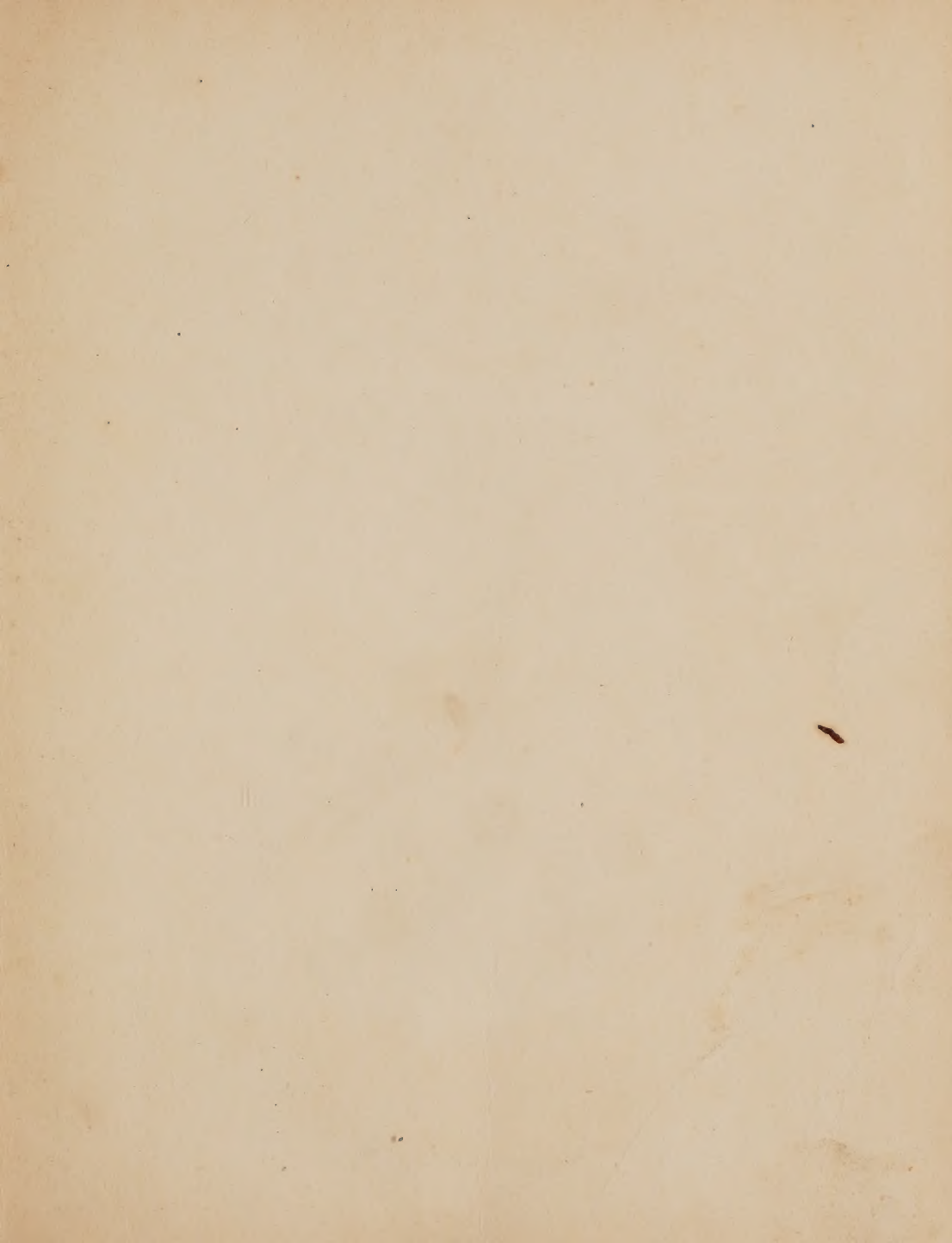


Gerald AND Geraldine



BY MISS ~
A. G. PLYMPTON.

DE WOLFE FISKE & CO.





GERALD AND GERALDINE.

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

A. G. PLYMPTON,

AUTHOR OF

"DEAR DAUGHTER DOROTHY," WANOLASSET," ETC., ETC.

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GERALD AND GERALDINE.

GERALD AND GERALDINE.

GERALD and Geraldine, or Gerry and Dino as they were called, had been standing by the window of Mrs. Blaney's little parlor for more than an hour eagerly watching the passers by. Each time they saw a man's figure approaching they would cry :

"Here he is! Here he is! Surely this is our uncle at last."

And then as the gentleman passed on, they would look after him and say with derision :

"Pooh, our uncle is a far nicer and handsomer gentleman."

They were twins, and if they kept their eye-lids down, and if Dino smoothed her red-gold locks, and Gerry ran his hands through his, one face answered to the other like its image in the glass. But let the eyes be seen, and all likeness seemed to vanish in an instant, for Gerald looked at you with appealing, gentle, almost seraphic, blue ones, with an expression that made you hope the world would not use the little lad ill, while Geraldine gave you a mocking glance out of her fearless black eyes, and you could not help laughing and thinking that she would be fully able to take care of herself.

The poor little things, it must be confessed, at ten years of age had

seen a good deal of the world. When two years old, as newly made orphans, they had been brought from London to their mother's father, who was a clergyman with a large parish in Chicago. When he died, which happened three years later, they were passed on to an aunt, a fashionable lady of New York, who perhaps was none too well pleased at the course of events that left two young children to her care. But she did the best she could for them according to her light, until she married a rich but ill-tempered man, who made her give up the very obvious duty of caring for them.

And then? well then, the little creatures were put in the care of a son who, for so much a week, undertook to stand in the place of a father to them. She was a widow and childless, and there was a chance that at last the twins might find themselves in just such a niche as they were made for, but they had occupied it hardly a twelve month, when "circumstances arose" which compelled the widow "to give up the dear children," the circumstances being a legacy that made life possible to her without any effort on her own part to increase her income.

And now they were waiting for the appearance of their uncle, their father's brother, who having been notified of the forlorn situation of his brother's children, was coming to carry them away to his own home. They had never seen him or any of their father's relatives, and were anxious to know what he would be like.

"I think he will be big and fat, with a real red, jolly face, and a loud laugh, and just plum full of stories," said Gerry. "He will like you best, but he'll like me too, I dare say."

"You are thinking of the man we saw in the park," said

Geraldine. "Oh no! he won't be that kind of a man. I dare say he'll be thin and have dispepsia, like Uncle Harold, but I hope he won't, for that is the worst kind; and I think you are wrong, Gerald, about one thing. I think he will like you best. Its your turn you know.

In truth the children had noticed in their divers guardians, that one of them was sure to be preferred to the other, and for that reason they had been constantly in danger of being separated. Gerald had been his grandfather's favorite, and he had sometimes talked of sending Gerldine to the aunt. When, after his death, they both went to her, she had fancied the little girl the more, and had thought of sending the boy to boarding school, and once when the widow Mrs. Blaney, had been angry with Dino, she had declared that she would never part with her brother, but that their aunt would be forced to find some one else to take care of her. Yet these threats had never resulted in anything, and the twins had never been separated a whole day in their lives.

In spite of their vicissitudes, they were happy, healthy, and courageous children, being, as it seemed, not in the least discouraged by the way the world had used them. Nothing had seemed to shake their childish trust in others, and they met every one as a new friend.

The uncle had written to Mrs. Blaney that he would come for the twins at eleven o'clock on a certain morning. The day and hour had come, but the uncle tarried.

"Lor," said the widow, "I doubt if he turns up at all. What on earth should he want of two young ones? Mark my words, he'll wriggle out of it. Its twelve o'clock already."

GERALD AND GERALDINE.

"He's wriggling in it now," said Geraldine, "at least I 'spose so."

There was certainly some one coming up the outside steps. Some one with a great shock of iron-gray hair that bushed out under a soft hat. Some one with piercing dark eyes, and a strange, foreign face, which at the present moment wore an unmistakable frown.

"Oh Gerry!" whispered Dino, "do you think that is our uncle?"

There was a sharp ring at the bell, and through the open door the children heard a voice ask:

"Does Mrs. Blaney live here?"

The twins looked at each other, "well to be sure," they said. "Yes, that's our uncle."

For suddenly they remembered something that they had once heard—that their father was German, and that their mother's family had objected to him on that account. They had never half believed it, but now they saw that it was true.

Geraldine took the card that the little maid servant brought in and read:

"Mr. Otto Kaufmann."

The new comer entered the room in a hurried manner. He said he had been delayed, and that there was now but twenty minutes to get to the depot, where he was to take the train.

There was no time to make acquaintance, and in an incredibly few moments the children were ready, (Mrs. Blaney would not have had them left any longer on her hands for anything under the sun,) and were seated opposite the uncle in the carriage.

But the danger of being too late made any conversation impossible, for Uncle Otto sat with his watch in one hand and the other on

the knob of the door, ready to spring out the moment that they reached the station. The children sat close together delighting in the hurry and excitement. They felt that there was plenty of time in the future for making acquaintance. The little party reached the train at just the last moment. Gerald climbing in like the agile monkey that he was, and the uncle steadying Miss Geraldine.

The cars were crowded, Gerry sat with a fat woman with a baby, Dino with an old Jew who slept peacefully behind a newspaper, and Uncle Otto went into the smoking car. At last the two children had a seat together, but although there was now room enough, Uncle Otto did not come back into their car, and at the end of the journey they felt that they knew him no better than at the start.

Somewhere in the vicinity of——street just beyond a church, there is—or at least there was a few years ago—an iron gate with a brass plate upon it bearing the inscription,

“Otto Kaufmann, Choir-master of the Church of St John the Evangelist and Teacher of the Organ and Piano-forto.”

Behind the gate was a small house, remodelled from a stable, having below, one great apartment, used as a music room, parlor, and sometimes even dining room and kitchen, while the second story was divided into four sleeping rooms. This was the twins' new home.

It was a strange life, sure enough, for these mites, for Mr. Otto Kaufmann's little house was frequented by all sorts and conditions of people. He was fashionable, and ladies in their carriages came to beg him to come to their entertainments, for he had composed an opera which had been a success, and he was looked upon as a celebrity. And young women tra-la-la'd in the room down stairs, where

he gave his lessons ; in the evening musicians and artists of all sorts were always running in, and it was music, music, music all day and pretty nearly all night. There was an old woman who came in every day to put the house in order, but their meals were sent in from a caterer's, except when, as sometimes happened, Uncle Otto took a turn himself at cooking in which he always scored a great success, as he did in everything else.

Geraldine thought that on account of her sex, she ought to have a hand in these operations, but her uncle used to wave her away, with a smile and a flowery speech that she did not know what to make of, for though it sounded polite, she seemed to feel that there was something that was not so behind it.

"De ladies, my dear, like leedle dolls must do noding," he would say, and Dino would shrink away abashed.

It had been plain from the first that Uncle Otto was not quite pleased with Geraldine, not that he was not always kind and generous to her—oh ! dear, no—but his manner was so different from his manner to Gerald. He was a quiet man, but he would draw the little fellow on his knee and talk with him for hours. He would tell him about his father, and how as boys they had loved each other, and many a story he told him too of Germany, his fatherland. But it seemed to Geraldine that if she drew near and dared take a place by his side, his tongue lagged and after a while he would remind himself of some appointment and go away.

What pride and joy he had when he first heard Gerald sing. It was an old Christmas anthem that he had learned long ago, a childish thing that they used to sing at school :



“ We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts, we come from afar,
By field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star ; ”

But Gerald's voice was lovely, as sweet and true as an angel's. His uncle made him sing it over and over again, and the other pieces also, and every one who came in that evening had to hear him sing.

Once Gerald said—“ But Uncle Otto, Geraldine can sing too. Don't you wan't to hear Geraldine sing ? ”

Uncle Otto shook his head.

“ Ach Gott, no, de leedle girls are like de doll. Dey must do noding but look pretty, and Geraldine she do that very well.”

In truth his little nephew appealed to the really warm heart of the old organist, as no one had ever done, but his brother, the little lad's father, and sometimes as he talked and played with him he almost fancied he had his Heinrich back again. His brother had been much younger than himself, and he had had for him that same tender sense of protectorship, and the desire to save him from all hardship and pain that he now had for Gerry. Only in Heinrich's case he had been poor and struggling and not able to do what he wished for him, but now he was rich, and could give Gerald all that he needed and more. He began to be very happy. There was one thing that troubled him—and that was Geraldine. There was no place for her in his life and plans. Her little figure hovering about Gerald, disturbed that pleasant fancy in which he relieved his old life with his brother. Besides—he knew nothing of girls, all his troubles had come through that sex. It was a girl, and Geraldine's mother,

that had stolen Heinrich from him, no! no! He would find some good woman to bring up the girl, and he himself would take care of Gerald.

One day he called the children to him. They were at play in the little enclosure in front of the house, but when they heard his voice, they came in, hand in hand, with their eyes full of happiness and little suspecting what they were going to hear. Gerald went up to his uncle and pressed against his knees, and Geraldine stood by, shuffling on her feet, unable from mere happiness to keep quiet.

"Now children, be goot and quiet vilst I talk to you," Uncle Otto began, patting Gerald's hand. "I haf been considering what is the best for you, and I haf made up my mind dat my house ish no goot place for a leedle girl."

"Oh!" said Geraldine, and she stood quite still now.

"I know noding about leedle girls, and I tink I must find some goot vomans dat vill take petter care of Geraldine as I can."

"Where will Gerald be?" asked Geraldine faintly, "will he go too?"

"Gerald? oh no, he vill shtay wit me. Dat vill be de petter vay, eh? I can pring up a poy very goot. Ach Gott. I know vell de poys. Vy, Gerald. Vot's de matter?"

For Gerald had gone to Geraldine and thrown his arms around her, and his face was very red in his efforts not to cry.

"I think it will be horrid," he said. "Geraldine is my twin, and we have always been together, and girls aren't so very different from boys either. Oh! Oh! I wish we were back again at Mrs. Blaney's. I do indeed."

Poor Gerald did not dream how he cut his uncle's heart when he uttered these words, but he could not have said anything that would have made him put from him this plan so quickly.

"Vell, vell, I vill do noding at present. I haf only thought that Geraldine would pe petter off mit some goot and kind vomans. Vot does leedle Geraldine tink of eet? Eh?"

"Oh," said Dino, who was crying with her face on Gerry's neck. "I think it would be cruel."

"Vell den, you shall not go," said Uncle Otto.

And that ended the matter for that time, but the knowledge that he had thought of sending Geraldine away and that he might eventually think best to part them, was a sharp thorn in the twins' flesh. They could never forget it and the fear made them cling to each other more closely than ever.

And Uncle Otto would look at them, and shake his head, and say to himself:

"'Tis always so, 'tis always so. Some pretty leedle girl does always make de world go wrong mit Otto Kaufmann."

It has been mentioned that Uncle Otto was the choir master of St. John the Evangelist's. The church was very near the little house behind the iron gate, and sometimes of a week-day, when he went in to rehearse the music for the following Sunday, the children would go too and listen. The choir was of boys' voices, and the most beautiful in the city. The twins were of a deeply musical nature, and they would sit there spell bound, until Uncle Otto would come from the organ and take them home.

One day as the children walked before him, he heard Geraldine say:

GERALD AND GERALDINE.

"Oh brother, if I could only sing in the choir, I would be happy."

"Leedle girls do not sing in dot choir," said Uncle Otto.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Geraldine morily. "Leedle girls must do noding, but look pretty."

Uncle Otto laughed, but he turned to Gerald.

"Vot do you say, mein poy?"

"I think as Dino does, that it would be beautiful. Oh, Uncle Otto! could I?" he cried.

"Vell, yes, I vas long tinkin' of dat."

Gerald began to caper up and down on the pavement, and Geraldine was capering too, in her generous sympathy, but her eyes were wistful and she murmured once more:

"Leedle girls can do noding."

Then Gerald's training began. Each day he had long tiresome exercises to go through, for Uncle Otto would spare no pains. Indeed, because he was ambitious for the boy, he was all the harder master, and sometimes poor Gerald would say privately to Geraldine, that he would rather never sing at all than toil so, and Geraldine would always answer:

"Pooh, I would work as hard and harder too for music. I love it, I love it, I love it! Oh, Gerald dear, if I could only change places with you!"

But however tired Gerald was, he never complained to Uncle Otto. He could not, for he knew if he should not become a musician, it would break his uncle's heart.

So, because of his love and gratitude to his uncle; and constantly encouraged by Geraldine, he kept on, and he made good progress,

and at last (it was Sunday) Gerald's voice rang out in the church, bearing its part sweetly above the lower voices of the others, and Geraldine in her place below in the pew sat with rapture in her heart and her eyes full of tears.

As for Uncle Otto, it was easy to see that he was daily growing more fond of, more proud of, and more ambitious for Gerald, and that Geraldine was nothing to him.

Yet it must not be thought that he was unkind to the child. He saw that she had every thing she needed. Geraldine wore the prettiest clothes, went to the best school and had everything that money could buy. Her room was furnished for her according to her own taste. She had dolls without number.

One day, when her uncle and brother were away, the fancy took her to place them all in a row, and they reached clear across the floor of the big music room. Then she sat down at the end of the row with her legs and arms hanging stiff, and a simper on her face.

"Ach Gott," said Uncle Otto, coming suddenly in the room and seeing her. "Vot ails you mein schild?"

"We are all dolls," answered Geraldine gravely, "we can do noding," and then she burst into tears.

"Certainly this Geraldine is a very odd little girl," thought Uncle Otto.

Sometimes when left alone Geraldine would go to the organ (a great instrument which Uncle Otto had built into the room) and try to bring forth music from it, and sometimes she would dress the dolls in little white surplices and herself in another, and then she would stand very straight, with her head thrown back, and sing.

How she would sing! Scales and exercises and anthems and chants, and at last the aria that Gerald was learning and which he was to sing on Easter Sunday.

If the truth be told, she had learned it sooner than Gerald had learned it, being quicker and more persevering than her brother. When Gerald took his lessons poor Dino always sat in a corner of the sofa and drank in every word her uncle said, and then when she was alone she would practice the piece just as he had told her brother to practice it. No it was not only because she was more persevering and quicker than her brother, it was also because of the deep love of music in her heart.

"Well, when she finished singing she would turn to the dolls and say :

"Isn't it glorious? Isn't it heavenly, and pray why, why, why must leedle girls do noding?"

Though he was not so quick as his sister, Gerald learned his aria in good time.

Sweet and pure as the notes of a flute his voice fell on the ear. In the still church, with the scent of the flowers, and the sunshine pouring through the stained glass windows, it would be beautiful Geraldine thought, she hoped it would not make her cry.

It was a week before Easter. Spring was coming, but the air was damp and the weather dull.

Geraldine noticed that Gerald swallowed his breakfast with wry faces that morning, and after their uncle had gone out he began to cry. He seldom demeaned himself in this fashion and Geraldine was alarmed.



"Gerald opened his mouth and Geraldine peered into it."

"It hurts so," he said at last in reply to her entreaties to tell her the cause of his tears. "Its my throat, and its ached and ached this ever so long, and I can't stand it any longer. Oh Geraldine! I don't see how I can go and sing tonight, but I will."

"Of course you can't," said Geraldine. "You must have something to take, but I don't know what, and Uncle Otto has gone. Oh dear! Oh dear! Why couldn't it have been my throat? How does it feel?"

"It feels as if there were lumps in it. See here Dino, look down and see."

Gerald opened his mouth and Geraldine peered into it, and after much squinting on her part and various maneuvers of Gerald's tongue, she cried out excitedly:

"Lumps? Oh my! there is an awful big one wagging right in the middle! You poor poor boy, I should think it would hurt you. You must go to bed and have the doctor."

Of course, Geraldine had seen the soft palate, but her advice was good, nevertheless, and Gerald, much frightened, made no objection.

The doctor's diagnosis was different from Geraldine's but he kept the patient in bed and watched him closely.

He told Uncle Otto that the boy had not a bad throat, but if he was to sing on Easter Sunday, he had best take every precaution against catching more cold. He said that Gerald would probably be well by Friday.

The doctor's directions were carefully followed, and Thursday morning, Gerry felt as well as ever and it was thought safe for him to get

up, and even to go out of doors for a half an hour in the middle of the day.

It was a beautiful morning, the air was soft and warm. The grass in the parks was quite green and a blue sky hung overhead. But there were little clouds blowing up from the horizon, and before Gerald and Geraldine had emerged from the iron gate, the air had a sharpness in it, and Gerry was soon shivering: So they went home again, and that night he confessed to Dino that his throat was worse. He used his gargles faithfully, and made her promise to say nothing to her uncle.

"He has worked so hard over me and he is so good to us Dino," he said, "I should feel awfully to disappoint him. You know there is no one else that has learned the aria."

"Er—no, of course not," said Dino, adding to herself, "Leedle girls don't count. Oh dear! Oh dear! what a pity it is that its not my throat that's sore instead of yours."

Well it would be good if it could be yours just for Easter morning," Gerald admitted. "But no matter, don't let's worry for I shall probably be well tomorrow for that was the day the doctor set. Friday, you know he said, and this is only Thursday.

This thought comforted Gerry, but Geraldine felt anxious.

Their uncle being out that evening, Mrs. Riley their good natured housekeeper sat with Gerald, who soon fell asleep. But though Geraldine went to bed, for a long time she could only toss from side to side with wide open eyes and her brain filled with the strangest thoughts, and her heart beating like a trip-hammer.

"I can't do it. I can't, I can't," she would say to herself, and then in a moment, "Yes, I can do it and I will." It was like two

voices each trying to drown the other; and in the end "I can't" yielded and "I will" won the day.

Friday morning found Gerald worse. His throat ached badly, his head was hot and he was hoarse as a crow.

"It is no use," he said in answer to Geraldine's anxious enquiries. I shan't be well enough to sing, and I am going to tell Uncle Otto so, as soon as he comes in."

"Hush," cried Dino in a warning whisper. "Don't you do anything of the kind. You come and get into my bed, and I will manage everything."

Her cheeks were red, and her eyes sparkled. Geraldine usually gave up to Gerald, but sometimes a peculiar look would come into her eyes and her chin would lengthen, and when she looked like this, she would have her own way. She looked so now.

Gerald got up and sat on the edge of the bed and watched her, as she hastily dressed herself in his clothes. She made her hair smooth and dropped her eyelids over her eyes and said:

"Come Geraldine, you'll catch cold, you must go right back to your room and go to bed—I'm all right this morning and now you see its your turn."

"Oh!" said Gerald, "I begin to catch on. We are going to change places, but what good will it do?"

"I'm going to sing on Easter Sunday," she said, now Gerry, quick, put on this night dress in place of yours, and then go back to bed."

"What a girl you are!" said Gerald laughing. "But you know you can't do it."

Nevertheless he let her put him into her own bed, laughing all the time, to see how much at ease she seemed to feel in knickerbockers, and watched her as she flew about making the necessary changes.

They were just made, when Uncle Otto tapped at the door.

"Where's Gerald," he was saying; but as he opened the door his eyes fell upon Dino and he went on. "Oh! here you are. Ach Gott you are petter, ist it not so?"

"I'm all right," answered Geraldine, "the patient is in here now. It's no more than fair, is it?"

"Vell," said Uncle Otto, "if eet must be von, the leedle girl—" he ended with a shrug and outspread hands, and gave a little laugh.

"Kom here, mein poy. I vant to look at you. I vant to see eef de throat is vell." He held out his hand to Geraldine, and Gerry smothered his chuckles in the pillows.

"She never will have the face to do it," he said to himself, but the audacious Geraldine, after a moment's hesitation, had tilted back her head and opened her mouth, in which position, luckily for the success of her bold scheme, her black eyes were not visible.

"Vere goot, vere goot. I tink you are vell sure enough," said Uncle Otto. "And de doctor vill haf anoder patient, eh, Geraldine? I vill go now to get him, and you, mein poy, go tell Mrs. Riley she moost get some preakfast ready soon."

So off he went, and with a look at Gerry, Dino followed him.

After breakfast Geraldine came back for a moment to whisper:

"Uncle Otto is going to have me sing the aria. Shall I leave the door open so that you can hear, Gerry?"

And Gerry said yes. In vain he strained his ears for sounds of music. The house was very quiet, and presently Geraldine came back to say that a gentleman had come and taken their uncle away with him. Some friend of his was in trouble, and he had been called upon to help him, and there was no knowing when he would be back.

"Ah well," said Gerry, who had been thinking the situation over during her absence, "it's a great deal better that you didn't have the chance to sing to him. He would discover the trick in a moment and very likely it would make him angry. I say Dino, you can't sing that aria, you know."

But Dino would not be discouraged. She was sure she could take her brother's place and to prove it began to sing the aria, and Gerry soon found that she had not overrated her ability.

"But then, you know," he said finally, "it wouldn't be the thing at all for you, a girl, to go there in my place in the choir, you can't do that."

"Nobody will know it isn't you," persisted Geraldine. "How can they? I have only to keep my eyes closed."

"How silly you'll look," Gerry went on. "I won't have a silly looking lackadaisical thing like that palmed off for me."

"And Uncle Otto will not be disappointed," she continued in her turn. "I shall enjoy it and I think I might have the chance for once. Come, don't be so selfish."

Gerry gave up then. He felt tired and if every one else was satisfied there was no reason why he should object. His responsibilities slipped off. He made himself comfortable and went to sleep. His own part was easy.

The path of deception was never smoother than Geraldine found it. To begin with, Uncle Otto was constantly away from home and there was no chance for a rehearsal. The doctor reported his patient as not at all seriously ill only needing rest and quiet. He left orders for her to be kept warm in bed until the hoarseness disappeared, and said that he should not call again unless sent for.

Saturday he was better again, but still hoarse. There was no possible chance that he would be able to sing on Sunday.

At last Sunday morning came. Geraldine had breakfast with Gerald in his, or rather her, room. Both children were a little excited, but Geraldine would not admit that she was afraid. She did not believe that anyone would discover that it was herself and not Gerald that sang the aria.

"But I think your voice is different from mine," croaked Gerry.

"Aren't twins' voices always the same? Certainly they are," she insisted. "I don't think there is any difference, but if there is, it will be set down to the sore throat."

"What a girl you are!" said Gerald, for the hundredth time. "Well I would give anything to be there to see and hear you. But you will be sure to give yourself away. The boys will find you out."

When the bells began to ring, Uncle Otto came in for Gerald, and the two set out for the church, Uncle Otto kept his hand on the child's shoulder. He looked down upon the little impostor with a fond and proud smile.

"Ve are two goot cronies, is eet not so?" he said pleasantly. "Vot makes you so quiet, lately, mein schild? Ees it the throat vot aches?"

Geraldine could only shake her head. She could not trust herself to answer, and she dared not raise her black eyes to him, who looked so expectantly to meet a pair of sweet, soft, blue ones. She began to wonder if he would be angry if he knew all. This seemed hard, for it was for his sake after all that she was going to sing.

But when they got into the church, she became excited and bold again. Her cheeks grew red, her eyes glowed.

She found the vestry, and put on Gerald's surplice with a little chuckle of delight, all the time chaffing and playing with the boys in Gerald's manner, but she did not look one of them in the face, and none suspected her.

Then the procession of boys passed into the church Geraldine in Gerald's place no one noticing the change.

The service began and Dino's voice chimed with the others in anthem and hymn. The church was fragrant with Easter flowers and the organ notes pealed grandly along the vault of the great cathedral dome.

"It is glorious, it is heavenly," thought the child. Presently she realized that the moment had come. It was time for the aria. For an instant the candle lights flickered and the church whirled around. She seemed to hear a voice she knew say :

"Leedle girls can do noding."

Then she began. The first notes were faint and tremulous, then Dino forgot everything but the music. She raised her head and the music just poured out of her mouth. She was no longer little Geraldine, who by stealth stood in another's place. She was transported. Her eyes shone like stars, the lids raised, and her cheeks pale.

The boys nugged each other and smiled, many of them had seen Geraldine and they now recognized her.

As for Uncle Otto, he was saying to himself: "Ach Gott dish voice is not Gerald's. He vill nefer sing like dat in all dish world. His voice ish ein goot voice—but dis. Ach Gott! Vot a voice!"

But the last note now died away upon the stillness of the church, and a sudden darkness blotted the whole scene from Dino's eyes. Then an arm stole around her and she felt herself borne gently away.

When Geraldine opened her eyes, they looked full into a pair that were shining upon her with the tenderest anxiety.

"Ach Gott!" said a voice, "she is mooch petter now. I tink she vill soon pe vell. Mein leedle Dino. Vy, vy haf you not told me vot a voice you haf? Ach Gott. Vot a heavenly voice."

"Yes, Gerry," said Dino having tried to give her brother an account of the whole wonderful morning. You were right in thinking that I would be found out, but after all it was lovely and Uncle Otto was not vexed, and I think—yes I think now he is going to teach me music as well as you."

From this time, Geraldine shared equally with Gerald in the singing lessons and in the affection of their uncle, and never afterwards was he heard to say;

"Leedle girls can do noding."

LUCILLE AND LUCILLA.

LUCILLE AND LUCILLA.

LUCILLE was a picture as she stood in the dusky shadows of the barn with the doves circling about her head, and Lucilla perched upon her shoulder.

She was an unusually pretty child with soft hazel eyes, and a dazzle of golden hair, and when as now, she was pleased and excited and her cheeks were pink, she was bewitching.

The only remarkable thing about her was an unusual fondness for animals and the power she had over them. It really seemed as if there was some special relationship between this little girl and the various orders of the animal kingdom, different from that between them, and other human beings. Even the shy inhabitants of the green woods seemed to feel that she was nearer akin to themselves than to the ugly object with a gun that was their traditional enemy. They taught her their calls, and when with soft footsteps she came into the wood, they seemed to say joyfully :

"It's Lucille, dear Lucille. She will do us no harm."

To be sure, she had her favorites among them. Though she loved them all. She loved the birds better than the toads and the beetles,

and she liked what she called the woolly worms better than the slippery ones; but that was only as you might say you liked chocolate candy better than peppermint, meaning no disrespect to the latter.

Even the crickets and grasshoppers seemed to feel the bond, for she could keep one by her all day, and perhaps, when evening came and her mother would say:

“What became of the cricket you had this morning?”

Lucille would find it for her in a fold of her dress.

But of course the domestic animals were her chief playmates, and of these there was no lack on the fine old farm where Lucille lived. The dogs had a warm corner of her heart. One was a big, lean, awkward, foolish, greyhound pup, and the other a wise old fat little spaniel. There was also a dear and faithful collie that slept in the barn, who was different from either. But however the dogs may have differed in other respects they were alike in their affection for Lucille. As for the cats, there were enough of them to make a very respectable cat show, black, yellow, tiger, white and gray. And there were horses and cows, and pigs and hens, each being a personal friend to Lucille.

The little girl never gave herself any airs of superiority to her playmates, however humble they might be. Indeed she often amused herself by imagining that she was one of themselves. With the dogs she would leap about with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, and just as easily she could fancy herself one of the cats, when she would hunch up her back and hiss, or else curl herself up for a nap, with her head cuddled into the rest of her; and it was the drollest thing to



see her stand stock still in the pasture, like some old placid cow. Just stand there and swallow an imaginary cud.

The cows would look at her out of the corner of their great mild eyes and seem to say :

“ The idea of that little snipe fancying herself one of us ! ”

I wonder if she ever thought it a little hard that in their turn the animals would not sometimes pretend to be a little girl.

But the doves were Lucille's true brothers and sisters. What a whirring of feathery wings there was when the soft whistle of Lucille was heard in the dovecote, and the dainty things, purple, and white, and clouded grey, as softly as the flitting shadows gathered about her. Of all the doves, however, the little maidenly Lucilla was the gentlest and the sweetest.

She was of a light-soft grey, with an arching neck of beautiful iridescent colors. Lucilla was of a timid nature even for a dove, and always flew away from her perch on Lucille's shoulder at the first approach of any other person, even the familiar figure of Adolphus who took care of the dove-cote, and a certain way she had at such times of seeking another perch over Lucille's head, and sending down to her cooing assurances of her love, was wonderfully pretty.

Having filled a measure with corn, Lucille went out into the open, to scatter it on the ground for the doves. But Lucilla ate only out of Lucille's hand—the gentle little hand that had never yet hurt living creatures.

So rare and perfect a companion as Lucille, certainly deserved a playmate of her own race; and that very morning, before she had come out to feed the doves, she had been introduced to a little brother.

LUCILLE AND LUCILLA.

It must be said that Baby boy, as he was called, did not seem upon that first inspection a very promising companion. First he made a horrible face at her, and turned purple; then he doubled up his fists as if he were a born prize fighter, and finally opened his mouth and screamed. But Lucille was no cold critic. She watched these feats with sympathetic interest, and aimably declared that he was as sweet as he could be; and when he fell asleep, and was laid in his dainty bassinet, all made of lace and blue ribbons, she stood by his side admiring his small round head, his tiny features, and little pink hands.

And so, she was so happy, when she went out to feed the doves, that she did not notice that Lucilla wore a drooping air, that she ate but a few kernels of corn, and her voice was more plaintive than usual.

"Lucilla you will love the little brother as well as you love me" she prattled. "You will never be afraid of him but cuddle in his arms as you do in mine."

"Coo, coo," answered Lucilla very soft and sad and low.

It was a beautiful May morning, and to Lucille the world was made of blue sky, of apple blossoms, of cooing doves, and sweet little baby brothers; but all at once, Lucilla spread her wings and flew away.

She had seen Donald and Dexter, the boys of a neighbor, coming down the lane, and Lucilla knew that their appearance was the signal for trouble. They scorned poor little Lucille as a playmate, but sometimes they amused themselves by teasing her.

Usually she was none too well pleased to see them; but to-day it

was different. She was glad of the opportunity to tell the good news.

"Coo, coo, coo," warned Lucilla, but Lucille would not heed her. With her little face shining with happiness she ran forward to meet them.

"Oh Donald, she cried, oh Dexter what do you think? I have a dear little baby brother. What do you think of that?"

"Think of it? Why, you needn't be so pleased" said Donald.

"No, you needn't be so pleased" added Dexter.

"He will grow up to be just like me," said Donald with a grimace.

"Oh he will grow up to be just like me," said Dexter.

Lucille looked first at one, and then at the other, and shook her head.

"Oh, no, no. He is very pretty and good."

"We were pretty and good when we were only a day old"—they laughed, and Donald said:

"He'll tease you dreadfully. He'll put burs in your curls, hide your doll babies, and fling stones at the doves."

"Never! never!" cried Lucille looking up to Lucilla on the apple bough. "He will love them as I do."

"Coo," answered Lucilla, gently.

Just then a little green snake slipped out of the stone wall behind the apple tree.

"There's a snake, let us kill him," cried Dexter, picking up a stick.

"Oh, no, no, he is so pretty and happy," pleaded Lucille catching hold of his arm—"Don't kill it."

LUCILLE AND LUCILLA.

"Well, then, I will let you kill him," said Donald, winking at Dexter. And then he got on one side of her and Dexter on the other, and they assured her that to kill a little snake in the spring always brought good luck. Donald said he had killed one, and Dexter had killed one and this one she ought to kill herself.

Of course, it seemed strange to her, but she was told a great many things that seemed strange. It might be just as true as that "crusts will make the hair curl," for all she knew, but all the same she shook her head till her curls danced.

"Oh no," she would never kill the snake.

"Then you will have bad luck—Your baby brother will grow ugly and deformed and sick and wicked," Donald said, and Dexter added :

"Or very likely he will never grow up at all."

Then they put the stick into poor Lucille's little hand, and in the great horror she felt at the picture they drew, and hardly knowing what she did Lucille ran after the snake that was now gracefully gliding through the grass, and struck it.

"Lucille has killed a snake. Lucille has killed a snake," shouted Donald and Dexter, and being satisfied with the mischief they had done, ran away laughing up the lane, and all the world seemed to echo "Lucille has killed a snake."

Only Lucilla was perfectly quiet up in the apple tree.

And Lucille tried in vain to wake up the little snake and to make him glide again through the fragrant grass, and to enjoy the beautiful morning, as she thought it had done before she struck that cruel blow.

"Oh why had it been so very easy to kill it. So very easy. And

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why could she not give it back its life? But no, its happy harmless life was over. It was quite dead, and the collie came and sniffed at it.

"Don't" sighed Lucille, and burst into tears.

At last needing comfort, and conscious that Lucilla had ceased to utter her tender love note, she called her; but for the first time the dove refused to obey her voice. Then Lucille stretched out her hand, thinking that as usual Lucilla would come rushing down and alight on it. But instead of that, she fluttered uneasily on her perch and then flew away.

At night fall when Lucille called the doves for their supper, and with swift wings they came whirring down, myriads of them, white, and purple, and twilight grey, one was missing.

Greatly grieving, Lucille sent Adolphus up to the nests, but Lucilla was not there, and she looked and looked for her, and all the evening she wandered sadly about the place calling:

"Lucilla, Lucilla."

But there was no answering note. Bitter tears she wept for her dear grey dove, and whatever one might say in well-meant consolation she could only believe that when she struck the poor green snake she also killed her tender Lucilla. "The dove," she said, "had hidden itself and died of a broken heart."

Lucille buried the little snake under the apple tree, but the dead body of the dove could not be found. For as much as a week she could not go near the dovecote; for she said that she was ashamed to look the doves in the face, for they knew that she had killed Lucilla. Indeed, her old delight in her dumb friends was gone. They seemed to look at her with reproach. The dogs came less willingly when she

called, the cats hid under the furniture. If she went into the woods, the squirrels scolded her from the tree tops. The birds flew away at her approach.

But if this were really so and not the child's foolish fancy, there was consolation in the society of Boy baby. He, at least, looked at her with no reproach in his glance. Lucille was the first person he ever noticed, holding out his little wavering arms to her the moment he caught sight of her yellow curls. He grew in beauty like the rose. His complexion changed from red to white, his little head was covered with rings of gold, and his eyes became big and blue. Having nothing else to do he grew, and grew, and grew—handsome, healthy and good.

So a year passed. It was the baby's first birthday, and Lucille was sitting on the porch to enjoy the morning which was as lovely as that one on which she had killed the snake. To make amends for this cruel act she meant to teach Baby boy to be kind to all living creatures, and it seemed to her that already he had a natural love for them in his little heart. She knew he would always love the dogs, the horses, and the birds; but she feared that when he was as big as Donald and Dexter, he might fling stones at the frogs, and kill harmless snakes.

Presently, nurse brought Baby boy onto the porch for Lucille to amuse for a while. He had on a big hat with rosettes over the ears, and he kept pointing with his little fat fore finger toward the fields.

Lucille took his hand and walked with him up and down in front of the porch; but that was not what Baby boy meant at all. He had investigated everything on the gravel walk many times, and he want-



"He kept pointing toward the fields."

ed to go off to the great Faraway. So Lucille started with him for a little journey in the world. They did not go very fast for every few steps Baby boy, who was walking independently by himself, sat down unexpectedly in the grass. Then he would look up with great surprised and indignant eyes at Lucille, and just as she would think he was going to cry he would begin to gurgle and laugh. And then he must pick every flower that he saw and look at every bird or bee or insect that crossed his path, so that it was a long time before they reached the orchard; and before going on they sat down upon the edge of it to rest.

And now who should come upon the scene but those mischievous urchins who a year ago had caused so much trouble.

They had found a poor little woodcock that had been shot. One wing was gone so that though, when they put it on the ground, it could hop about it could not fly away.

Donald said that they were going to have some fun with it, and knowing very well what that would mean to the woodcock, Lucille begged them to give it to her, and in her pity, followed them a long way offering first one and then another among her treasures in exchange for the bird. And when having at last got possession of it and set it free in the woods, she returned to the spot where she had left Baby boy, he was no where to be seen.

Frantic with fear, she ran hither and thither, seeking him in impossible places, and calling his name as loud as she could. She was answered only by the soft coo of a dove in the old apple tree by the stone wall.

It was Lucilla.

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Rushing forward, she beheld beneath the tree, the little figure of Baby boy creeping through the grass and laughing with delight over a new and strange play fellow.

Lucille stooping down beside him saw that it was a tiny green snake.

DAISY DALRYMPLE'S DOG.

DAISY DALRYMPLE'S DOG.

ALMOST everybody in Bay View knew Daisy Dalrymple and Bruno. In fact it was impossible to know one without knowing the other, for they were always together.

Daisy was a lily of a girl with white skin and fair hair, but her eyes were a soft brown. Though she looked so gentle, she was a lively sprite, and if any mischief were going on she liked to have a hand in it.

Bruno was of the opinion that without himself for a protector, Daisy would speedily come to some bad end and therefore he never dared leave her very long at a time.

Bruno of course was a dog, a huge, handsome mastiff with a fine head and real doggy eyes, soft, faithful, and pathetic with the thoughts that he longed in vain to share with his human friends. His silky coat can best be described as a tawny grey, a lovely color, and he stood nine hands high. But Bruno was even more remarkable for his intelligence than for his beauty. There was no end to the tales his friends told of his wonderful doings by which it appeared that he was a dog of far more than ordinary sagacity. Although his

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disposition was winning and sweet, and he had hosts of friends, he was not a dog to be trampled on, and above all he was not a dog to allow any one to trample upon Daisy Dalrymple.

One morning Daisy was walking up and down the garden path with Bruno at her heels. It was in the spring and the daffodils were in blossom and the shrubs were covered with masses of white or red or yellow flowers. As Daisy walked she sang snatches of songs, sentimental love lorn, old fashioned songs mostly that Miss Evangeline Miller had taught her and which were droll enough as coming from her childish lips.

At one moment it would be :

“The weary day to me
Goes sad and mournfully
And when the night comes darkly deep
No joy, no joy it brings,
But sadness on its wings,
No balmy sleep, Alone I weep.”

Then again the red lips would trail out yet more dismally :

“While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the shower,
This anxious aching bosom finds
No comfort in its power.

For ah my love it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

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But whatsoe'er may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me
For in the world, or in the tomb
My heart is fix'd on thee."

Or, sometimes the words would be :

" Be hushed, be hushed, ye bitter winds !
Ye pelting rains, a little rest ;
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh ! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph o'er an artless maid ;
Oh ! cruel was my faithles love,
To leave the girl by him betrayed."

On the outside of the fence the people were tripping along the pavement to the ferry, and hearing the love-sick songs would look over and smile at little Daisy Dalrymple, who was the merriest of mortal children and perhaps some one would say :

" Well now Daisy. Is it so bad with you as that then ? If I were a pretty girl like you, I would'nt wear the willow for any man."

Then Daisy would explain that she hadn't any lover at all, and didn't want any she was sure, since they seemed to make one so very uncomfortable, so the listener on the other side of the fence would pretend to look relieved and pass on.

Sometimes some intimate friend would ask her for a flower or a

kiss, and sometimes a little girl or boy would stop to tell her some important bit of news such as that there were two girls and a boy in the family that was going to move into the new house on Sycamore street; or that Jerry Watterson had stopped going to the kindergarten and was coming to school; or that Jack Barker's father had bought him a new bicycle.

While the conversation was going on, Bruno always stood by Daisy's side with his watchful eyes on her companion. He had of course his own preferences among Daisy's friends and thought it no more than honest to let a person know just how much regard he had for him—for alas! he was no diplomat.

Among Daisy's friends there were none Bruno approved of so highly as a certain young gentleman who was an old and ardent admirer of hers.

He was a tall and handsome youth with a wonderfully pleasant voice and a twinkle in his blue eyes. On his way to the ferry he stopped every pleasant morning for a word with Daisy Dalrymple, and Daisy would always enquire with a great deal of interest if business was getting better, or if he had had any luck.

For he had started in his profession that year, and was a young lawyer without any clients.

Daisy had heard her father say that he didn't believe John Lorton had made ten dollars the whole year; but as an absolute fact he hadn't made ten cents. In truth the young fellow made no secret of his bad luck, but joked continually over his want of success, and no one but Daisy and Bruno suspected his real discouragement.

A law suit had been brought against a neighbor of the Dal-

rymples that winter, and Daisy had hoped that Mr. Whitlaw would put his case into Lorton's hands. She had teased her father into proposing it to him, but Mr. Whitlaw had replied, that John Lorton was young and inexperienced and nobody knew how he would manage a case, and so he gave it to another lawyer who had already made some reputation, and as John said, "could earn enough to pay his car fares to and from his office."

Then there had been a neighbor's quarrel that year between the Porters and the Andersons, the Andersons complaining that the Porter children were always playing on their lawn and Mr. Anderson had threatened to take the matter into court. Daisy had pricked up her ears at this report thinking that this might be an opportunity for John, but Mr. Anderson was after all a peacable sort of man, "born to be trampled and spit upon," as Daisy Dalrymple said and would not take legal proceedings.

As young Lawton came down the street that pleasant May morning, he could not go by without a word with Daisy and also a word with Bruno, who performed his great feat of shaking hands between the pickets of the fence with a great wagging and waving of his tail. His method of accosting such as displeased his fancy being one gruff growl of disapproval and glance of hostility through the apertures of the fence.

It was in this way he greeted Master Howard Kimball and to tell the truth Daisy never welcomed him much more warmly, for he was the sort of boy that found pleasure in the misery of others, and a little girl and a dumb dog often served him for victims. In truth there had been a long-standing grudge between these parties which Bruno

often longed to square off.

On the day of Daisy's lawn party the boy had squeezed him into his little sister Nell's old gown tying her little white sun-bonnet over his head. Bruno had too much good sense to show himself in this ignominious costume and hid himself behind the barn, but Howard had no notion of seeing his mean trick so defeated, and armed with a stick went to look for him, and Bruno's first appearance on the scene was in chasing his tormentor screaming wildly over the lawn, where the gay party was assembled so the ignominy was shared equally between them.

This is a mere sample of the way hostilities were conducted, and the minds of all three were hot for revenge.

John Lorton came down the street humming a pleasant air, the sky was not more serene than his own blue eyes and he seemed as blithe as the beautiful May morning.

"How is the distressed fair one this morning?" he asked on seeing Daisy whose fair head was thrown back while she sang:

"For cold and dead he lies,
And far in yonder skies
The joys that once were mine now dwell,
My grief, my grief is vain.
I'll see him nee'r again,
I may not quell my bosom's swell,
I may not quell my bosom's swell."

"Oh, I am as merry as a grigg this lovely day," said Daisy.
"How is business?"

"Why," said John, "I am as busy as I can be from morning till night, busy trying to think of something to do. If this rush goes on I shall give up the law and perhaps drive the baker's cart. I had an opportunity to do that the other day."

John's face wore still its humorous expression, but Daisy's was clouded with gloom. She was thinking how she had scorned the predictions of the ill-disposed that John Lorton would never succeed in the law.

"And to think you have never had one case yet," she said dismally, "to show them what a good lawyer you would be."

"Never mind, never mind," replied John, "advantages bring terrible responsibilities. If I only had the longed-for opportunity, I should be under the necessity of proving what a clever fellow I am, and that's often uncommonly inconvenient, and just think too how free from carking care is the baker's boy. I say, Daisy dear, would you be too proud to ride in the baker's cart with me?"

"Why no," answered Daisy, her brown eyes looking dreamily into the distance. "I am very fond of chocolate cake and I could have plenty of it then." And so the bad news was treated as a joke.

Just as John was starting off he drew two tickets from his pocket, and asked her if she would like to go to the dog show.

Daisy did not understand how it was that John never had any business. He had always tickets or some trifle to give away. The truth was that John was very popular and people were always glad to give him anything but cases, which was what he most wanted.

"Of course I should be delighted to go," answered Daisy, shielding her lips from Bruno's searching eyes.

"Oh dear, how stupid of me to speak before him," said John, understanding the movement at once. "Of course Bruno will be wild to go too."

"Yes, he knows every thing, every thing," said Daisy, "and I do so hate to deceive him, but Mamma would never go if Bruno is with us and he must be left behind."

She uttered these last words in John's ear and hoped that for once Bruno's suspicions had not been aroused.

John returned home having left it at that time to give the tickets to Daisy. Shortly after he left her, her mother came into the garden and after much coaxing, Bruno was decoyed into the shed.

Any dog would enjoy a promenade with so charming a lady and so pretty a child. Bruno honestly believed that Mrs. Dalrymple was the belle of the town, and as for Daisy there could not be two opinions about her. They walked on hard-heartedly while Bruno watched them with his mournful brown eyes from the window of the shed.

They walked down Centre street from which point they would turn either to the right or to the left—to the right if they wanted to take the train to the city, to the left if they were to cross the ferry. As a matter of fact they went by the train.

In five minutes after their departure Bruno succeeded in making his escape from the shed. The clever dog waited until there were no longer footsteps near his prison house, then he calmly raised the latch of the door with his nose and stepped boldly out. He cast a look of supreme pity at Susan who was hanging out the clothes, and who had said in answer to Daisy's inquiries:

"Law no, Miss, no need of tying him for no dog could ever get

out of that place.'

Then he, too, went down Centre street. At the turning point he hesitated just for an instant, then tore down the street that led to the station. He was just a moment too late, and experienced that sense of exasperation induced in man or dog by the spectacle of his train just puffing off in the distance.

In a moment he had turned around and was running at full speed in the direction of the ferry remembering there was still a chance left. Unlucky Bruno! The boat was just moving off. He sprang to catch it and by a splendid feat clung for a moment with his fore paws onto the deck and his hind ones on the side of the boat.

A shout went up from the passengers, most of whom knew the dog.

"Oh, ho! Little Mistress Daisy must be on the boat," said one of them, "and I'll trust the dog not to be left behind."

"He is a splendid brute," said another. "Did you ever hear how, when the Dalrymples came here from St. Paul, this same dog, then a little pup, and had been given to a neighbor before starting, followed them, how no one knows, but no doubt stealing many a ride on the trains, for he reached here in time to partake of the first family breakfast?"

"I never heard that," said a short stout red faced man, "but I remember how it was by his sagacity that those sly burglars who gave the police so much trouble last autumn were eventually captured. I also remember," and here the little red faced man's voice began to get husky, "how he succeeded in rescuing two little kids that contrived to fall off the landing at places some two hundred feet distant from

each other. And gentlemen, one of those little kids was my kid," added the red faced man with an air of importance as if the rescue of his kid was a much more heroic achievement than the rescue of any other child.

"He is a brave dog," exclaimed another man who had seemed to be reading a newspaper. "Once I saw him successfully defending his little mistress against five young scamps, who were determined to have Miss Daisy's hat for a foot-ball."

"Poh! poh! What a fuss over a cur!" said an individual who happened to be the father of that malicious little imp, Howard Kimball; and he got up in disgust and walked to the other end of the boat.

Bruno meanwhile had scrambled to a place of safety, but only to be met by his old enemy Howard, with hate in his heart and his father's cane in his hand, a combination fatal to Bruno.

In a lively skirmish Howard succeeded in pushing the dog off the deck of the boat. He fell plump into the water, and disappeared from view but immediately reappeared and pursued the boat.

It must be remembered that owing to Howard's attack upon him Bruno had not had an opportunity to look for Daisy, for which reason he continued to follow the boat instead of going back to the landing.

He was a big dog, and being powerful, made rapid progress through the water.

The sailors who had watched the adventure being his friends—for he often went in the boat with his mistress—threw him a rope, and helped him on board.

Howard having disappeared during the loud hurrahs sent up by

the passengers, Bruno now took the opportunity to make a search for Daisy.

But neither fore or aft, on deck or in the cabin was she to be found. His plan, although no one knew it, was to stay on board until Daisy, or at least Mr. Dalrymple who always went home by the ferry, should return.

Bruno roamed disconsolately around the boat, consenting to allow his head to be patted by many a condescending hand, and at last flung himself down with a sigh at the feet of John Lorton who had watched the proceedings with an interested eye.

Bruno was asleep and dreaming that he was chasing Daisy through the streets of the city. Now and then his paws would twitch and he would pant in the excitement of the chase.

At length on a crowded street he caught sight of the object of his search. He ran this way and that in his frantic fear of losing her again.

With straining sinews he sped on until stopped by a boy who obstructed the way with a cane. Let him leap as high as he would he could not jump over that barrier.

Suddenly he was conscious of numbers of voices around him, and the sound of a child screaming and some one seizing him by the collar and saying: "He is a vicious brute and not a safe dog to be at large." Then slowly he realized that he had jumped up and bitten Howard who had been tormenting him in his sleep with his father's cane.

"He is a noble animal," said John Lorton in whose voice was more anger than usual, "and I doubt if your son is much hurt."

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"I leave it to these gentlemen who are fathers," said Mr. Kimball, "whether they wish their children left to the mercy of such a dog."

Alas! public opinion is always fickle. "These gentlemen" eyed poor Bruno somewhat dubiously, standing with his tail between his legs and conscious that he was under a ban. He slunk away and hid himself knowing the boat was nearing the landing.

Mr. Kimball examined his son's wound while the other passengers buttoned up their overcoats in readiness to go on shore.

Bruno spent the rest of the day monotonously crossing from shore to shore in the ferry-boat, finally going home with his master.

Having passed the day pleasantly in town, Daisy and her mother returned as they had gone, by train.

Being fond of dogs, Daisy was enthusiastic over the dog show, but she declared there was not an animal there that for wisdom and beauty could compare with their Bruno.

During the subsequent shopping expedition she followed a custom which her mother often practiced when Daisy herself was left at home and bought a little present for him, a gorgeous yellow satin bow to be tied on his collar, for which she knew in her secret heart he would not care a whit, but she knew also that it would show finely on his silky coat.

In the evening John Lorton dropped in at the Dalrymples and reported what had taken place on the boat. He said Mr. Kimball had behaved like an idiot, that he talked rank heresy about the dog and made a muff of his son.

"He has spoiled his boy until he has not a virtue left save his

pretty Fauntleroy suits. They are very pretty but they do not make one forget the expression of his face which is that of a spoiled and spiteful child."

John further said that Mr. Kimball had nursed his indignation until it was very lively and hot. There were rumors about the town that he meant to take the matter into court. He represented Howard's injuries that were on his leg as of a very serious character, but the boy had been seen playing hop-scotch that day without any difficulty, although when he found himself observed he stopped at once and went limping home.

Mr. Kimball had been heard to say many times that the dog ought to be killed, but he had had no medical advice except Dr. Saunders, the boy's grandfather.

"Well," said Mr. Dalrymple turning red, "let him take it to court. I can fight it as long as he can."

"Poh!" exclaimed Daisy, "every body knows it would be a sin to shoot Bruno. It was not his fault but Howard's, and besides Bruno's life is valuable and Howard's is not, and I guess if all his good deeds were put against Howard's he would be let off quick enough," and she went on, "I hope and pray he will carry it into court and we will have Mr. John for our lawyer, and then everybody will see what a good lawyer Mr. John is and what a good dog Bruno is. He shall wear his new yellow satin bow and make a great sensation."

"Bless my soul, child, bless my soul," said Mr. Dalrymple when John had gone. "If that idiot of a Kimball does carry the matter into court I'll take your advice, Daisy, and put the case into John's hands."

DAISY DALRYMPLE'S DOG.

"Much to his surprise, however, Mr. Kimball did carry the matter into court. He was an irascible little man and had argued himself into the belief that he had justice on his side. He refused to see that Howard had been at all in fault, and loudly and angrily declared that poor Bruno was a ferocious beast whose savage humor was a constant menace to the children of the neighborhood.

Alas, poor Bruno! the faithful guardian of little children and beloved by all the babies. Somehow he seemed to know that danger of some sort threatened him. He would go from one to another and nestle his nose in their lap, and seemed to say:

"You know what a worthy creature I am, and have not deserved such obloquy. But I have plenty of friends, haven't I? And there is no need of worrying."

The thought would sometimes steal into Daisy's mind, that perhaps there was something to worry about. It had been explained to her just how Bruno's trial would be carried on, for so strong was his personality that it was always called Bruno's case rather than Mr. Dalrymple's.

But Bruno's lawyer assured her of success. "You just wait now," he said in consolation to Daisy, "and you will see what a good character people will give him. Besides to despair shows little confidence in me in whose ability you have always professed to have so much faith."

But then it was always John Lorton's nature to look hopefully at things, and it was true that Bruno had bitten his adversary.

But the suspense of long waiting was not added to their troubles.

The case was called for trial during the last of May, about two

weeks after Bruno had turned on his persecutor. The weather was warm as summer and brought the leaves on the trees well forward. The apple trees were like large bouquets of blossoms, and the earth was at its loveliest.

The thought of Bruno's possible sentence was especially sad to soft-hearted Daisy. "The forfeit of a life could be more easily paid on some dull churlish day," she thought. She would throw her arms around his neck and tell him there were not half a dozen men in the town whose lives would in beauty equal his own; and she was not far wrong, for faithful love and unconquerable loyalty, for dauntless courage and unpretending self-sacrifice Bruno would bear comparison with many human heroes.

As has been said, the trial took place in the last week of May—to be accurate, it was on the last day of the month. Bruno's party set forth with all the courage given by a righteous cause.

Mr. Kimball was very much in earnest in this matter and had secured the services of one of the most prominent lawyers of the neighboring city. As an actual fact he was of such repute that, as an antagonist, it brought poor unknown John Lorton into what he himself designated a ridiculous prominence. Nevertheless John did not think he should lose his nerve.

He had secured a large number of witnesses. First on the list were Mr. Dalrymple and Daisy. Then there were the gentlemen who had spoken in Bruno's favor on the boat, a tall maiden lady with a bird of paradise on her hat, and many others.

Mr. Kimball on his part had but a few witnesses and these with the exception of Howard and Dr. Saunders looked as if they had come

more for love of fifty cents than from love of a cause. Howard was of course present in his prettiest Fauntleroy suit, the appearance of which was much marred by the conspicuous bandages on his leg.

The trouble had excited a great deal of interest in the neighborhood and the court room was unusually crowded.

After the case had been called by the clerk, the witnesses were seated and Mr. Kimball's attorney began his opening speech, when an unsummoned witness suddenly appeared and after calmly looking around the court room took a seat beside Daisy Dalrymple. He was a magnificent brute, with affectionate eyes, that is when looking at certain persons, the little maiden at his side for instance, and with a stupendous yellow satin bow rakishly arranged under one ear.

There was a broad smile on most faces and a soft clapping of hands. Then Mr. Kimball leaned over and whispered something to his lawyer who immediately objected to the appearance of the dog in the court room. But John Lorton instantly arose declaring that the dog, being the cause of the litigation his presence was necessary, for he saw at once that Bruno was not a dog to injure his own case.

The judge it so happened was a great lover of dogs—and who that loves dogs would not love Bruno?—and Bruno, having listened politely to the speech of the other side, now rolled his eyes over to the bench as if to say: "Now for a sensible decision from the judge," which no doubt had its effect on that dignitary, for he immediately said with a slight bow:

"The objection of the plaintiff is overruled." So John Lorton had scored his first triumph.

The trial went on after the usual manner, the chief interest be-

ing the absurdly appropriate conduct of the dog. Mr. Kimball was the first to take the witness stand, and he labored long to prove how great were the injuries the dog had inflicted on his son, after which Dr. Saunders corroborated all that he had said.

John Lorton here interposed that the witness was the child's grandfather and suggested that, the boy being in court, they should have ocular proof of these terrible injuries they had heard so much of.

At this point Bruno's tail was heard to thump the floor. He undoubtedly approved of John's suggestion. The spectators who had been watching the dog with admiration laughed audibly.

Mr. Bryant, Mr. Kimball's lawyer, then called Howard to the stand. It must be confessed he looked rather picturesque and made a favorable impression. On his cross-examination, notwithstanding the constant interruption of Mr. Bryant, John Lorton drew from him the admission that he had been tormenting the dog at the time he was bitten, and also that on leaving the boat he had been able to walk from the ferry boat up to the place where the circus tents were pitched.

"I suppose your pleasure was entirely spoiled by your physical sufferings—by the bite on your leg, you know," suggested John.

"Oh yes, you'd better believe it," answered Howard emphatically.

Here the opposing lawyer interposed, objecting that these remarks were beside the question, but after some sparring between the attorneys the cross-examination was allowed to go on.

"Was the clown a good one?" asked John innocently.

"Oh! just ripping," replied Howard enthusiastically.

"You did not feel the acute pain in your leg perhaps at that

time," said John with a significant smile. And Bruno gave two delighted yaps, or at least they sounded so.

"Did you come out before the performance was over?" continued John.

"No," answered Howard with a hang-dog air.

"I think, Your Honor," said John addressing the Judge, "I must ask that this witness be required to show to the jury the injuries he claims the dog has inflicted on him."

"Oh!" cried Howard, who was certainly a chip of the old block. "It will hurt me to have the bandages taken off. I won't! I can't!"

At the request of Mr. Bryant, Howard was temporarily dismissed from the witness box, and Dr. Saunders recalled. Whereupon Bruno cocked up one ear, Mr. Kimball rubbed his hands and smiled blandly, while Dr. Saunders in rather a hesitating way, took the stand.

He was an old gentleman, and he looked at his son-in-law, Howard's papa, in an appealing sort of way, as if he were afraid more was going to be demanded of him than he felt disposed to admit. However, he testified that his grand-son's injuries were of a serious character and that the dog was dangerous to the community and ought to be shot.

The attention of all was now again drawn to the accused, who feeling himself the centre of attraction turned his head, and put on that air of sublime indifference which dogs sometimes assume.

"Is it your opinion, Doctor, that it would injure the boy to have the bandages herewith removed?" asked John.

"Decidedly," the doctor promptly responded, and this witness was then dismissed.

The witnesses that were to prove the good character of the dog were next called. The testimony of such of them as had been on the boat proved that the boy had badgered Bruno into biting him, and that the punishment was no more than the boy deserved. Each was eager to give the dog a good character.

The first witness was Mr. Greene, who related the incident of Bruno's saving the children who had fallen from the landing into the bay. But Mr. Greene's sympathies had been so excited by the grief of Daisy, as well as by the critical situation of Bruno, that although the main facts did not differ it seemed like another tale.

He was very dramatic, first he described the two little children sporting on the banks, then how each one came to fall simultaneously into the water though at a distance of fifteen feet from each other.

His movements were quite infantile and you could almost see the oddling steps of the little innocents and hear their shouts of baby glee.

He waved his great pudgy red hands with childish grace as he showed how they tripped over the grass, and you almost held your breath as they came down to the edge of the water.

Just as vividly could you see their mammas as with pretty maternal cries they ran after their offspring and wrung their hands as the little figures dropped into the water. Then like a true hero comes Bruno to the rescue.

The construction of the human frame forbade Mr. Greene quite reproducing the exact appearance of Bruno, as with his tongue protruding and ears pricking up, he dashed into the water and succeeded in dragging both children to the shore. The story created a great sensation and Bruno was more popular than before.

The next witness was a tall, lank maiden lady, with a bird of paradise on her hat.

"What is your name?" asked John.

"Evangeline Miller," answered the lady, with a graceful dip of her head, which made every feather quiver.

"Occupation?"

"Milliner," was the reply.

"Did you see Mr. Dalrymple's dog bite Master Howard Kimball?"

Miss Evangeline turned around for a moment for a glance at Daisy and answered hesitatingly:

"Well I don't know that I can say he bit him."

"What do I understand you to mean!"

"Well, it looked as if he did," answered the witness.

"Did you see him tormenting the dog?"

"Certainly I did," replied Miss Evangeline, without any hesitation at all.

"Or else it looked as if he did," sneered Mr. Bryant.

Did you try to protect the dog from the boy's persecutions?" asked Lorton, resuming his examination.

"Yes, I did," replied Miss Evangeline, "and I hid him behind my dress. But after a while Master Howard came poking along with his stick and routed him out. He is always at him. I never saw any thing like it in my life. This warn't any new thing, the little rascal has had a grudge against him a long time. I can tell you about that. You see it began by Miss Daisy's planting my garden with pansies and violets and some other flowers, and she tended them her-





self a good deal, knowing I hadn't much time for it. She worked real hard on them and I did lot on having them plants blossom."

Here Mr. Bryant interrupted, strongly objecting to the witness being allowed to go on with her rigmarole, as he called it, which he declared was entirely foreign to the case.

But by this time it was clearly evident on which side were the judge's sympathies, for again the objection was overruled, and with another wave of the bird of paradise Miss Evangeline continued.

"Well, though some of the plants were already budded, there were never any blossoms on them, and Daisy and me, we wondered and wondered what could be the reason of it. At last one night when one of the pansies was just ready to burst into flower Miss Daisy had Bruno tied to the apple tree on the edge of the garden. 'There now,' says she, 'we'll be likely to find out.' And we did.

"It was in the morning very early that Bruno began to bark, and instantly I was at the window in time to behold that little scamp," motioning to Master Howard, "bending down over my pansies. Well I couldn't get out in time to catch him," said Miss Evangeline blushing. "But when I went out to my plants I found every bud was stripped off of them.

"After that Master Howard began to torment Daisy Dalrymple and when he couldn't torment her he tormented Bruno, and that's the Gospel truth."

On the whole Miss Evangeline's testimony had made a favorable impression for Bruno upon the jury.

Just at this moment the strains of a band of music broke upon the air, which apparently heralded the approach of a procession of

some sort, and which caught the ear of Master Howard. Immediately he climbed over the benches onto the window-sill from which point he had a view of the street.

The spectators though they had no view of the procession, had a very distinct one of Master Howard, and a smile went around the court room, as the fact became evident that in his eager scramble he had displaced the bandages, the removal of which was supposed to give him so much pain.

Miss Evangeline's testimony having been concluded Lorton pointed out to the court the obvious fact that a convenient time had arrived to examine Master Howard's injuries.

This time Howard's protestations were of no avail, though he screamed and kicked and proved himself to have anything but the temper of an angel.

As he was put upon the stand Daisy Dalrymple broke out into an audible giggle and Bruno left his place by her side and took up his position in front of the witness box, held his head on one side and assumed a most judicial and critical air.

"Well, I declare, I never saw the beat of that dog!" whispered one of the jurymen slyly to another, he was a kindly old countryman who was fond of animals. "I like a dog of that breed."

"Howard was standing sulkily in the witness box, his leg, from which the bandages had now been entirely removed, displayed a scar which bore very insignificant proportion to the bandage. It was evident that the boy had been bitten but not seriously. The taking of testimony was closed.

When Howard had resumed his seat by his father's side, Bruno



“ Bruno solemnly seated himself on the witness stand.”



feeling perhaps that it might be some high place of honor which he alone had not been invited to occupy solemnly seated himself on the witness stand. A king of dogs on trial for his life! His aspect was that of a trusting and loyal friend; it had no meanness in it. There he sat while the two attorneys made their pleas and when at last the judge having charged the jury, they filed out to decide his fate.

Then there arose a hum of voices in the good dog's praise.

"He's a blooming friendly dog," said an old rowdy by the door. "I'll be blest if he didn't want to go right along with them jurymen when they went out. I bet they aren't going to bring any verdict against him. I seen 'em look at him and laugh a hundred times."

Another man said, and this was a gentleman, "I'd stake my life the splendid creature would be the safest playmate any child could have. If he isn't killed I'm going to try to buy him."

The verdict was a foregone conclusion, and was that which the friends of Bruno desired.

The case brought John Lorton into notice and his luck took a sudden turn, finally placing him on a high peak of prosperity; but he always said that his success was entirely due to Bruno.

Bruno took no airs unto himself, he did not presume upon the good turn he had done his friend, nor expect favors in return. Yet he appreciated the honors that were paid him, and perhaps vaguely wondered why his path in life was strewn with so many more roses than that of any other dog he knew.

It has been said that John Lorton always gave Bruno the credit of all that was fortunate in his career; but the time came when he basely maintained that what he had always meant was that he owed it

DAISY DALRYMPLE'S DOG.

to Daisy, who had given him his first case. If Bruno's feelings were hurt by this transfer of gratitude from himself to his mistress he never let it so appear. In fact it would be so uncharacteristic of this high-minded and unselfish animal that the idea is herewith dismissed with contempt. At all events among Daisy's suitors he gave preference in the most decided and unmistakable dog language to John Lorton, and finally became a happy and honored inmate of his home.

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

EVERY body at the Deaf School called David Hickey a clod. Miss Brown—the pretty Miss Brown, for there were two of that name among the corps of teachers—said that he was like all the people from that section of Maine, where the Hickey's lived (She had spent three weeks there, one summer, camping out in the lumber district) and that he was stolid and quite devoid of sensitive feeling.

With his rather vacant grey eyes, and his half opened mouth, and his slow apathetic manner, poor David did not give one the impression of being keenly alive to his own misfortune, or to the sadness of the necessary separation it caused from his home, which was usually the case with such children and made it pathetic.

There was one sweet young girl in the school with soft, pleading brown eyes and sad curved lips, who would look in your face, and say in the metallic, jerky way of a deaf mute.

"I am deaf, I am deaf, I cannot hear. Are you sad that I am deaf?"

And the tears would gather in her sweet eyes, and in yours also unless you had a heart of stone.

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

Then there was a manly boy of David's age, who in the friendliest way would draw up to you, and tell you, by his painfully acquired speech, and many signs, about his home, and those that he had left there and all his sorrow at being forced to leave them as he must, if he were ever to learn to speak and understand the speech of others.

But David did not appeal to one's sympathy any more than some stunted plant.

It is not to be supposed that the pretty Miss Brown, or any of the teachers were unkind to David, but kindness from a sense of duty is a cold thing, and David must indeed have been a clod if he did not feel the difference between the teachers' manner toward himself, and toward Louis Alden—and the pretty pathetic brown-eyed girl.

It was in the autumn that David had been brought to the deaf school, and it was already in the early winter. It was within a few weeks of Christmas.

There was an unusually large number of children at the school that year, and of course of all sorts and temperaments. Some of them, because of their misfortune, had been indulged and spoiled by their friends until they were disagreeable to everyone, and others too, who had learned that they were to be mere bystanders in the busy world, some of these were gentle, patient creatures, but by far the greater part of them had not the temper of the angels, which, taking everything into consideration is not to be wondered at. One little girl did nothing but cry, and one of the boys could express his homesickness only by kicking and screaming, and another would fly into a passion at the least hint of opposition. This was the boy, who

angry with the pretty Miss Brown, dropped this letter (a love letter she laughingly called it) into her desk.

“ Miss Brown—Hate !
Toad, pig, bug, snake.
Hatchet—kill,
Miss Brown very sad,
Glad, glad, glad.”

And since you may not be able to translate this singular composition I will put it in plain English for you.

Miss Brown was hateful. She was a toad, pig, bug, snake, everything he loathed most. He would like to kill her with a hatchet. Then she would be punished and he would be glad.

But of all the children there was not one so unpopular as David.

Deaf children are not so unlike others that they do not take a joyous interest in Christmas. There was to be a vacation of a week, and they were going home. All of them except the very little ones were collecting their gifts. The girl with the brown eyes, had made hers, dainty little things such as a deft-fingered girl can make. Louis Alden had bought his with money that he had earned. Beautiful gifts for his parents and brothers and sisters of whom he talked so much.

There were many opportunities for the boys at the deaf school to make money. Some of the older ones had regular employment outside. One worked for a photographer, one did odd jobs in carpentering, and they could chop wood, or shovel snow, and sometimes they were sent on errands by the teachers. But David was not often chosen. The brighter boys outbid him, and then it was thought that he was too stupid to know what to do with money.

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None of the boys made so much money as Louis, and none showed such enthusiasm over his preparations for Christmas. One of his sisters was to be married that year, and Miss Brown had helped him choose a present for her. It was a silver berry spoon, and very pretty. He showed all his presents to the other pupils. He showed them to David who looked a long time at them.

Louis explained that the spoon was real silver, and not like those that were bought at the ten cent store, and he said that it would be an heirloom in his sister's family.

Some one had told him that, and it pleased him immensely.

He talked continually and with all his happy animation of manner about those for whom his gifts were bought. The teachers felt that they almost knew Louis' friends, and they sympathized with his fondness for them.

David alone, seemed to make no preparations. He had never tried to tell any one of his home, or those that he had left there. Apparently he had felt no sorrow at leaving them, and now had no joy at the thought of seeing them again.

Yes, he must be a mere clod—A soulless clod.

The children were to be away a week, but they were not allowed to carry home their trunks. Most of them came from poor and ignorant families that did not appreciate the advantage of the school training, and if the children did not wish to return would not oblige them to do so. So the trunks were held back.

When the pupils were ready for their trains, David came into the room of the principal where the teachers were assembled to carry little squads of children to the stations. He carried the big valise that

he had brought with him from home. It was a great leather, countrified affair with a bag at the top and a box-like compartment beneath, and it would easily hold all David's worldly possessions.

"What have you in there?" questioned Miss Libby, the principal, pointing to the bag.

He knew what she meant. His eyes dropped, and he colored to the roots of his close-cropped flaxen hair. His loose lips quivered a little.

"Open it," said Miss Libby.

He looked into her face with those gray eyes of his—not expressionless now, but filled with a piteous pleading.

He did not want to open the bag.

The teachers gathered around him and Miss Brown said that he had no doubt packed all his clothes in the bag and they had better examine it.

"Open it, David," said Miss Libby again; and not daring to refuse he took the key from his pocket and unfastened it.

Nothing was there but his nightshirt, and brush and comb which was the extent of luggage allowed to each pupil. So Miss Libby motioned to him to unlock the lower part.

David was still kneeling on the floor. He cast an appealing glance at the pretty Miss Brown. But she would not, as she sometimes did, intercede for him. No one sympathized with his embarrassment. No one helped him. In a shame-faced way he opened the box.

The teachers looked at each other and the tears filled their eyes. They saw at last the Christmas gifts that unsuspected by every one,

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

David had gathered together. They were so poor. So utterly valueless, and they had been collected with such self denial that it was pathetic. There was a handkerchief so coarse that it might be used as a veil, and a knife with a broken blade. There was a box of nuts and candy, which was evidently David's share of that which during the term had been given from time to time to the children, and there was a little tumbler full of beads. Through her tears the pretty Miss Brown could see that some of them had dropped from one of her own gowns.

All that long, lonely term, understood by none, believed by all to be unfeeling and unloving, he had been gathering them together; and now the poor mean gifts had tongues. They told of David's loyal love for his own people, and how, in this cold place where none cared for him his thoughts had turned constantly to those dear ones whom he had been supposed to be too dull of feeling to grieve for. Yes, they spoke eloquently, and the teachers' hearts were moved.

There was little time to spare, but after a moment's talk each pulled out her purse and gave a sum of money to the pretty Miss Brown who was dressed in her out-door wraps, and with a smile and nod to David went bustling away.

Then the others encouraged him to tell them at last of his home up there in the lumber district of Maine.

In his own way he described the poor little unpainted house with its background of tall old pines, "so high in the sky," and the old fashioned cinnamon roses, tiger lillies and other flowers, that even poor folks who love such things can have. David was a touching picture as he spoke of the loved home. The tears ran down his face

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

so eager and earnest, and the little hands moved constantly to better make known his meaning, for the deaf children use many signs to make clear what they wish to say. He told them also of his father who worked with his axe day after day—of how big he was, and how the great trees would fall under his strong arm, and he showed how his mother's hands were moving, moving, moving all day long. He told them how different his brothers were from himself; of all the wonderful things that they could do that he could not. And when at last, won by their sympathy he spoke of his little lame sister, with her pale face and dazzling golden hair, "like the sun," a look came into his face that made them wonder that they ever could have called him a clod.

He took up the little tumbler of beads and explained how it was for her, and how she would sit hour after hour and string them when he should come back again to the deaf school. He was holding it up with a half proud, half depreciating look when Miss Brown returned with her arms full of bundles and her jacket pockets stuffed out till she had, as she said, a truly gothic outline. She was prettier than ever with her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining, and the others crowding round, she began to pack David's bag with the presents she had brought.

There were a whole dozen of fine handkerchiefs, and a pair of fur mittens, and a hood for the mother and a gay scarf, a little silver bangle, a pair of skates, a knife with four blades and a cork screw, and books, and toys galore, which means just heaps and heaps of them. And there was candy enough to make the whole family ill.

It being quite time that the party should start, these things were

DAVID HICKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

now hurried into David's bag, it was locked with a click, and the procession of children and teachers set forth.

At the end of the line, limping fearfully to show how heavy was his bag, came David Hickey—the most popular boy at the deaf school.



"The most popular boy in the deaf school."

QUEEN ISABELLA.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

SHE was not that Isabella whose bigotry caused the suffering of so many faithful Protestants long ago in Spain, but a far wiser little person who was born in a prosaic old New England town not so very many years ago.

Her father was a man of great wealth and influence, and her mother had high family connections and she was the only descendant of the paternal and maternal stock. The fairy God-mothers had been unusually generous to her. She was a remarkably beautiful child, with the air of having been born to the purple, and she had a quick wit with a kind heart, but the fortunate little lady had her faults like the rest of us, and it must be confessed that her friends and playmates had some grounds for declaring that Isabella Waterbury had her full share of pride.

From all these causes you can see how she came to be given a royal title.

As a very little child she was rather delicate and lived much out of doors. She was encouraged in all manner of sports, was a skillful tennis player, was fond of boating, rode a horse (there were plenty to

QUEEN ISABELLA.

choose from in her father's stables) like a jocky with or without a saddle, but her chief pleasure was in bicycling.

Each year she had the latest improvement in wheels—You would not catch her on a last year's bicycle, and various and bewitching were the costumes Susan, the little sempstress, devised under her directions.

Susan was a patient, mild-eyed creature, as humble as Isabella was proud. If a fairy were to appear to her with the offer to change her into whomsoever she chose, Susan would instantly have asked to be Isabella Waterbury. She admired Isabella's glossy black hair and dark eyes and high spirits. She thought no little princess could be more grand, and what could a princess have that Isabella had not? Nevertheless, she sometimes thought that were she Isabella she would be just a little less exacting.

Perhaps she thought this when she was occupied changing the last bicycle suit for the fourth time, but she immediately forgot it when, the suit being completed, Isabella said kindly:

"Oh, Susan, you do look dreadfully tired. You must go out and take a walk."

"That's not what sempstresses are for" laughed Susan. "Don't you know that your mother wishes all this pile of sheets hemmed? I should like nothing better than to go, Miss Isabella, but I can't."

"Yes, you can, and you must," persisted Queen Isabella. "You know very well that if I wish it that will be enough for mamma."

This was a truth not to be gainsaid by anyone belonging to the household, and Susan offered no further objection. As an actual fact,



"She had the latest improvement in wheels."

before she could speak plainly, Isabella had discovered that her wish was the family law, and it was said so many times in her hearing, "do it to please her" that the child used to say it herself, urging a request with serious persistence.

"Do it, do it. It will please me."

Isabella had first thought of taking Susan to the park, but as she put on her dowdy little grey cape, and shabby black hat she seemed hardly a fit figure to be seen in the royal suite. Then smiling, she brought from her own well-stocked closet a fur collar and a pretty Tam-'O-Shanter cap. These she insisted that Susan should wear, and when they were on immediately broke out:

"Why Susan you are a pretty girl. A real pretty girl, and have quite an air too."

"It is your collar and cap that have an air" said Susan, and then for the first time realizing that Isabella intended that they should go together, went on in a sad voice: "Oh Miss Isabella, don't make me go out with you. I ought not."

"Why not?" demanded Isabella, "why shouldn't you go with me?"

Susan stood silent with red cheeks and a look of pain on her pretty young face.

"I can't tell you, Miss Isabella. If I could tell anybody, it would be you, because you are so kind, but I can't tell any one."

Isabella's heart smote her, as the saying is.

"I haven't been kind," she broke out in self reproach, for the patient sadness of Susan's face touched her, "but I mean to be kind now, I won't be so fussy about my bicycle suits. Even mamma says

QUEEN ISABELLA.

I am fussy, and if mamma says fussy, I am probably a perfect tyrant. No, I will be good and unselfish. Tell me Susan what's the trouble?"

It was difficult to refuse Isabella when she was in this, her gentlest and most lovable mood, but Susan still stood silent and the tears were beginning to roll over her cheeks.

"Oh Miss Isabella," she cried at last, "please don't make me tell."

"Oh, you are so mysterious. You have roused my curiosity, but that's not the real reason I want you to tell me, but because I mean to help you. You must tell me."

The word was brought out with all the energy of Isabella's nature, but it was kindness and not determination that conquered Susan.

She took a step nearer, her face growing still redder, and her eyes having a world of pain in them that awakened all the good impulses of Isabella's heart.

"Oh," she said and her voice was scarcely more than a whisper, "I'll try to tell you because you are so generous and believe the best of people. I've often noticed that about you, Miss Isabella, and I think perhaps you will believe me."

"Yes I will. I promise that, only tell me," urged Isabella.

"Well then, I must confess that before I came here I was not a sempstress in New York as I pretended to be. I was a shop girl at Greenberger's, and was accused of dishonesty, and though it was immediately proved that I was innocent was sent away. They treated me very harshly, and at first everything went against me; but you cannot judge always by appearances. However, though I was cleared



they would not take me back again, and so I got a bad name."

"Why did you not tell your true story to mamma?" asked Isabella.

"I had told my true story so many times, and no one would believe it. I am a poor girl and have my living to get. No, no, no, nobody ever believes the true story," said Susan, beginning to cry.

"Oh, yes, for I believe it, I believe every word of it," burst out Isabella, all her generous feeling was stirred, and she went on excitedly. "And I will make mamma believe it, she will do it to please me I know, and so will papa. And he shall be all worked up about it just as I am; for I really think it was a cruel shame, and he shall go to Greenberger's and tell them just how he despises them and how all other decent people despise them, or would if they knew about the way they have treated you. Then my uncle Horatio who owns a newspaper shall have the true story printed in it. And Uncle Amos who is governor of this state, he shall do something for you too, and grandmamma—"

But here Isabella stopped herself, for her Grandmother Loomis, alas, was a proud and despotic old lady, and it was whispered that she was rather hard and uncharitable in her judgments, and not inclined to be merciful to the wrong doer. So Isabella wisely thought that she had better make no promises for her. "So you see, Susan, you will have reason to be glad that you told me," she ended.

Susan was already glad that she had unburdened her mind, though not from any belief that Isabella could perform these promises. But she did think that she could persuade her mother to befriend her, and Susan found that living under false pretences was unbearable.

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She was a simple-minded girl, of sixteen years or thereabouts, and as much of a child as Isabella herself. Now, having thrown off her cares, she went out into the fresh air with her small protector, conscious only of the pleasing fact that she was going to have an outing in the middle of the day.

It was a bright October afternoon and the air was crisp and cold, making the blood flow gladly in ones veins. Isabella had intended to walk with Susan but she reflected that it was a perfect afternoon for wheeling, and beside she had on her new suit. Her bicycle, too, was conspicuously placed by the porch, and as she and Susan came out she cast a longing look toward it.

"Well" said Susan laughingly, "why not?"

"It's not very polite to invite a person to walk and then go off on a bicycle," was the answer; but this inconvenient politeness was soon overcome by a very little persuasion, and Isabella consented to start onward on her wheel, leaving Susan to her own devices. The two girls, however, walked together down the plank walk that led from the house to the street.

The house was a fine one with rooms on either side of the door, built after the generous fashion of half a century ago. It had belonged to Isabella's paternal grandfather, who was an aristocratic old gentleman and had always lived in what was then the most fashionable portion of the town; and the old mansions there, spoke of its prosperity at that period of its growth. Like itself, the neighboring houses wore an air of comfortable grandeur, with their wide colonial porches and green front lawns adorned with shrubbery and fine old trees.

But the neighborhood was fast running down. Boarding houses

were creeping in, and the very next house to the Waterbury mansion which had been owned by a rich old nabob and had been famous for its fine hospitality, had recently been bought by a Jew for purposes as yet unknown, but suspected to be of a character detrimental to Chestnut Street. Old residents said with a shudder, that they expected a pawn shop would be opened in the basement, and whenever they saw the young Cohens, the Chestnut Street boys would instantly cry through the nose :

“ Old clothes, old clothes,” to the evident chagrin of their adversaries, and a pleasant sense of their own wit.

When Susan and Isabella came out onto the pavement they found a number of the young Cohens at play there, and a girl of Isabella's age spun past her on a bicycle as Isabella started on hers. As she rounded the corner of Chestnut Street, Miss Rebecca could not forego a shriek of derisive laughter.

“ The impudent thing,” cried the insulted Isabella.

Eager for revenge, she redoubled her speed and followed Rebecca. The latter was evidently going to the park. Well, she too, would go to the park, and it would go hard with her if she could not overtake a wretched Jew on a last year's wheel, and teach her better than to insult her superiors. To be sure, she had forgotten her bell, and riding in the park without one was against the law, but dear me, what was the use of being Queen Isabella if she were subject to the same laws as other mortals. And after all, whatever she did could not be far wrong. The park was but a short space distant, and Isabella not far behind Rebecca, had soon reached the entrance gate from which point began the main promenade. This was usually filled with car-

riages and riders on horseback, but along its entire length, and separated only by a strip of grass, was another and somewhat narrower road, which with the numerous pretty paths that curved around the hills, were thronged with wheelmen.

The sky that day was as blue as a sapphire, and matched the color of the harbor, glimpses of which were to be seen through the openings that the autumn winds had made in the foliage. The trees were dressed in their richest tints, and in them sang swarms of birds, stopping in this lovely park on their journey southward.

But none of these things saw the bicyclists as they sped on their way. Isabella still behind the triumphant Rebecca, who having led her far over hill and dale in the little quiet by-ways, now brought her out again upon the main path.

On seeing Queen Isabella follow their sister, the whole tribe of young Cohens also had started for the park. There were Esther and Moses, Isaac and Abraham—and Abraham was the youngest of them all. In truth, he was too young to go to the park at all, unless with a nurse, and that office was performed indiscriminately by Esther, Moses or Isaac. Sometimes the nurse left off being nurse, and the nursling suddenly found himself his own master. Upon one such occasion the young Abraham strayed away from the precincts allotted to the babies. He had probably been attracted by his sister Rebecca who had just flown past, and having become convinced of the hopelessness of two fat wobbly baby legs ever rivalling a bicycle, he suddenly gave up the attempt and found a comfortable seat for himself without taking trouble to go back to the security of the babies' corner.

Unhappily, it was just at this moment that, intent upon her re-

venge Isabella came flying around a curve. Her eyes were straining into the distance where the little blue-clad figure of Rebecca showed a mere speck, for which reason she quite overlooked the small person of Abraham.

There was a shriek, the instantaneous approach of several persons, and a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder—the last was the hand of the law.

"You have been riding without any bell," said the policeman, who had laid hold of her, "I shall have to arrest you."

"Me! arrest me!" cried Queen Isabella.

Her blood ran hot. She looked at the bystanders, for a crowd had instantly collected as if she expected they would fly to her relief.

A stout colored woman who had snatched the Cohen child from its place of danger, was the central figure of the group.

"Good Gawd, Miss," she had cried out angrily to Isabella as she held the boy to her bosom, "havn't you got no feelin's that you ride over harmless little chillens as if dey was of no more 'count dan de stones?"

She was now beaming with satisfaction at the probable punishment of the unfeeling bicycle rider.

Just behind the colored woman were two feeble old gentlemen who had been pointed out to Isabella as rabid anti-bicyclists, and whom she now remembered having seen almost run down near this very spot. Of course, it would not be of much use to look for sympathy from them.

Two messenger boys also were interested in her fate but they seemed not ill pleased at her humiliation. A number of idle prome-

naders were on the outskirts of the crowd, and here, there and everywhere, gesticulating like little imps, and frantic with glee, were Esther, Moses and Isaac Cohen. As the patrol wagon rattled up the last drop was added to Isabella's cup of bitterness, by the sudden appearance of Rebecca.

"This girl has been riding without her bell," said the policeman, indicating Isabella to the driver of the patrol wagon. "Take her to the City Hall."

"Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling," tinkled Rebecca's bell merrily.

"I'll pay my fine here," cried Isabella pulling out her purse.

But this was not allowed.

She was hustled into the wagon her bicycle with her, and away she went, Miss Isabella Waterbury, in company with a boy who had stolen a tart, a little girl who was lost, and an Irishman who had been found asleep, drunk on the grass.

Meanwhile Susan had greatly enjoyed her walk. Instead of following Isabella to the park she had strayed into a street where there were shops. She liked to look into shop windows, having a taste for finery and gewgaws. It pleased her to imagine herself Isabella and choose what she would have, or what was still more in Isabella's style, make disparaging remarks upon every article, as if nothing was good enough for her. "And that's the reason I shall buy nothing" she said to herself laughing.

Once she saw such a pretty girl coming toward her and a second glance revealed the fact that she had seen only her own figure in the glass and been deceived by Isabella's hat and collar. The poor girl really had a talent for making fun out of nothing, and went on and



"She was hustled into the wagon, her wheel with her."

on forgetful of the fact that she was only a poor little sempstress and that her time belonged to another.

But she was destined soon to be rudely brought back to the realities of life. She was standing before a jeweler's window, still playing the part of the fastidious Isabella, to decide if a certain beautiful sapphire ring was worthy to be worn by a person of her elegance, when she heard a voice calling her by name.

The voice came from a carriage drawn up to the pavement, and leaning from the window she saw the head of old Mrs. Loomis, Isabella's grandmother. The old lady had eyes that bored into one like gimlets and were as hard as black shoe buttons. She had a hooked nose, a projecting jaw and a voice that made one hop. As she had a habit of informing people of their failings, she was not a popular person, and many confessed to being afraid of her. As for Susan she considered her as some human dragon and would walk a mile out of her way any time to avoid meeting her. But now there was no escape.

"Susan, Susan Giles. Come here," the old lady was calling, and she beckoned peremptorily with a hand that, in its loose black glove, looked like a great claw.

So, like a poor scared mouse Susan went cautiously down to the mouth of the cave, if we may so disrespectfully speak of Mrs. Loomis' fine carriage.

"Does Mrs. Waterbury know that you are out?" asked the dragon.

Poor Susan was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Well, that's just what I supposed. Get into the carriage and I'll take you home."

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There was no help for it, and Susan stepped in. She seated herself opposite the dreadful old lady, and the carriage drove on. Presently she felt the gimlets boring into her and Mrs. Loomis suddenly said :

“Where did you get that hat and collar?”

“Miss Isabella said I must wear them,” answered Susan in a wee voice.

“Susan Giles, I have just heard that you have the reputation of not being an honest girl, and I believe it. You have been imposing on Mrs. Waterbury, but I shall tell her what I’ve heard. I am going to take you to her at once.”

“Oh, Mrs. Loomis do not be hard on me,” implored Susan. “I never deserved a bad reputation. Let me tell you how it was.”

“You can tell Mrs. Waterbury,” said the old lady laughing. “I don’t care for what people are now calling chestnuts.”

“Oh, don’t be hard on me” pleaded Susan again; but she felt that she might as well plead with a stone. “Have pity on me as you would wish one to have pity for Miss Isabella.”

“You are an impertinent girl. My grandchild needs no pity,” said the proud old lady.

By a strange chance just as she spoke, Mrs. Loomis’ eyes fell upon a patrol wagon rattling along to the City Hall, and in it with other offenders, humiliated and disgraced, was that very grandchild. She had turned down her hat over her eyes and covered her face with a handkerchief, but the figure of Queen Isabella was quite unmistakable.

“Look, look,” she cried to Susan, thinking her old eyes must

have deceived her. "Who is that child in the patrol wagon?"

"Its, why its Miss Isabella," cried Susan.

"Isabella Waterbury in a patrol wagon! How dared they? Good Heavens! what can it mean?" exclaimed the old lady wildly.

"Perhaps she had forgotten her bicycle bell. They are taking her to the City Hall. "Oh, Mrs. Loomis, don't you think you had better follow her, and take her home?"

Susan feared the presumption of advising Mrs. Loomis would bring vials of wrath upon her head, but the poor old lady was quite upset. She was glad of the support of Susan Giles, and meekly followed all her suggestions.

So having descended from her place of ignominy, and paid her fine, Isabella was put into her grandmother's carriage, while Susan trundled the wheel home—an arrangement as satisfactory to her as to Isabella.

In the public eye Isabella played a brave part. She held up her head, and walked away with a nonchalant air, but when she was in the carriage she burst into a flood of tears.

The little scene which Mrs. Loomis had planned for the humiliation of Susan had an entirely different ending than that she had expected, for no one of the house of Waterbury would oppose Isabella's wishes on that day, and she really carried out a great part of that program she arranged when she first heard Susan's story. The whole family warmly espoused the cause of the little sempstress, which as they learned to know her better became more and more easy.

Isabella did not easily forget the disgrace that had befallen her, for she could not go out of her own door but, as it seemed, some men-

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ber of the Cohen family would cry out: "Dare goes de leedle girl dat rides in de patrol wagon."

But when, a few months afterwards, the Cohens moved away, there was no one in Chestnut Street who rejoiced more deeply than Queen Isabella.

